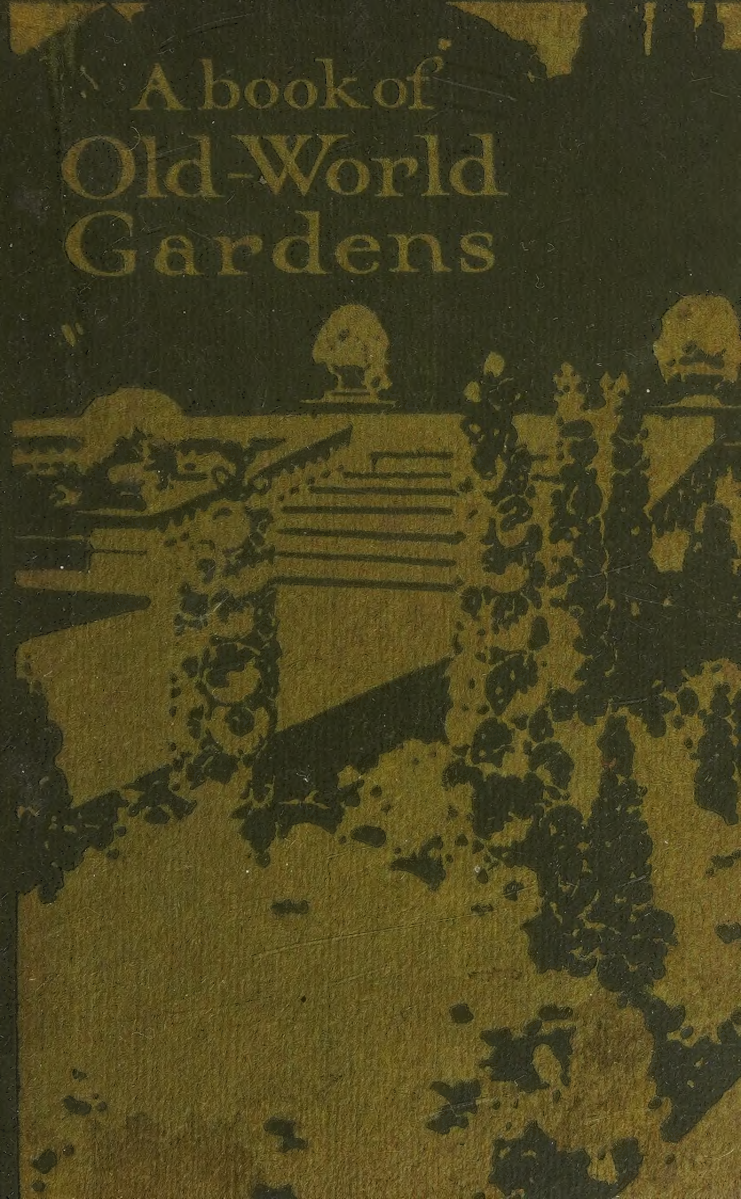
A book of Old-World Gardens



BOOK OF OLD-WORLD GARDENS

THE FOULIS BOOKS

A WILD GARDEN

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A BOOK OF OLD-WORLD GARDENS

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY

ALFRED H. HYATT

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AN ESSEX GARDEN R.SOUTHEY

ALL WAS AS IT SHOULD BE AT THAXted Grange. Picturesque was a term which had never been heard there; and taste was as little thought of as pretended to; but the right old English word comfort, in its good old English meaning, was nowhere more thoroughly understood. . . . Everything was for use, and nothing for display, unless it were two fowling pieces, which were kept in good order over the fireplace in the best kitchen, and never used but when a kite threatened the poultry, or an owl was observed to frequent the dove-cote in preference to the barn. English comfort

But out of doors as much regard was shown to beauty as to utility. Miss Allison and Betsey claimed the little garden in front of the house for themselves. It was in so neglected a state when they took possession that, between children and poultry and stray pigs, not a garden flower was left there to grow wild: and the gravel walk from the gate to the porch was overgrown with weeds and grass, except a path in the middle which had been kept bare by use. On each side of the gate were three yew-trees, at equal

A garden belonging to old times

distances. In the old days of the Grange they had been squared in three lessening stages, the uppermost tapering pyramidally to a point. While the house had been shorn of its honours, the yews remained unshorn; but when it was once more occupied by a wealthly habitant, and a new gate had been set up and the pillars and their stone balls cleaned from moss and lichen and short ferns, the unfortunate evergreens were again reduced to the formal shape in which Mr Allison and his sister remembered them in their childhood. This was with them a matter of feeling, which is a better thing than taste. And indeed the yews must either have been trimmed, or cut down, because they intercepted sunshine from the garden, and the prospect from the upper windows. The garden would have been better without them, for they were bad neighbours: but they belonged to old times, and it would have seemed a sort of sacrilege to destroy them.

Flower-beds used, like beds in the kitchen-garden, to be raised a little above the path, with nothing to divide them from it, till about the beginning of the seventeenth century; the fashion of bordering them was introduced either by the Italians or the French. Daisies, periwinkles,

feverfew, hyssop, lavender, rosemary, rue, sage, wormwood, camomile, thyme, and box were used for this purpose: a German horticulturist observes that hyssop was preferred as the most convenient; box, however, gradually obtained the preference. The Jesuit Rapin claims for the French the merit of bringing this plant into use, and embellishes his account of it by one of those school-boy fictions which passed for poetry in his day, and may still pass for it in his country. . . . Fragrant herbs

The fashion which this buxom Flora introduced had at one time the effect of banishing flowers from what should have been the flower garden; the ground was set with box in their stead, disposed in patterns more or less formal, some intricate as a labyrinth and not little resembling those of Turkey carpets, where Mahommedan laws interdict the likeness of any living thing, and the taste of Turkish weavers excludes any combination of graceful forms. One sense at least was gratified when fragrant herbs were used in these "rare figures of composures," or knots as they were called, hyssop being mixed in them with thyme, as aiders the one to the other, the one being dry, the other moist. Box

The garden of Monsieur Rabi

had the disadvantage of a disagreeable odour; but it was greener in winter and more compact in all seasons. To lay out these knots and tread them required the skill of a master-gardener: much labour was thus expended without producing any beauty. The walks between them were sometimes of different colours; some would be of lighter or darker gravel, red or yellow sand: and when such materials were at hand, pulverised coal, and pulverised shells.

Such a garden Mr Cradock saw at Bordeaux no longer ago than the year 1785; it belonged to Monsieur Rabi, a very rich Jew merchant, and was surrounded by a bank of earth, on which there stood about two hundred blue and white flower-pots; the garden itself was a scroll-work cut very narrow, and the interstices filled with sand of different colours to imitate embroidery; it required repairing after every shower, and if the wind rose, the eyes were sure to suffer. Yet the French admired this and exclaimed, *Superbe! magnifique!*

Neither Miss Allison nor her niece would have taken any pleasure in gardens of this kind, which had nothing of a garden but the name. They both delighted in flowers; the aunt be-

cause flowers to her were "redolent of youth," and never failed to awaken tender recollections; Betsey for an opposite reason: having been born and bred in London, a nosegay there had seemed always to bring her a foretaste of those enjoyments for which she was looking forward with eager hope. They had stocked their front-garden therefore with the gayest and the sweetest flowers that were cultivated in those days; larkspurs, both of the giant and dwarf species, and of all colours; sweet-williams of the richest hues; monk's-hood for its stately growth; Betsey called it the dumbledore's delight, and was not aware that the plant, in whose helmet, rather than cowl-shaped flowers that busy and best-natured of all insects appears to revel more than in any other, is the deadly aconite of which she read in poetry: the white lily, and the fleur-de-lis; peonies, which are still the glory of the English garden: stocks and gillyflowers which make the air sweet as the gales of Arabia; wall-flowers, which for a while are little less fragrant, and not less beautiful; pinks and carnations added their spicy odours; roses red and white peeped at the lower casements, and the jessamine climbed to those of the chambers above.

Scents as sweet as the gales of Arabia

Solomon's glory and wisdom

You must nurse your own flowers, if you would have them flourish, unless you happen to have a gardener, who is as fond of them as yourself. Eve was not busier with hers in Paradise, her "pleasant task injoined," than Betsey Allison and her aunt, from the time that early spring invited them to their cheerful employment, till late and monitory autumn closed it for the year.

"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these"; and Solomon in all his wisdom never taught more wholesome lessons than these silent monitors convey to a thoughtful mind and an understanding heart. "There are two books," says Sir Thomas Browne, "from whence I collect my Divinity; besides that written one of God, another of his servant Nature—that universal and public manuscript that lies expansed unto the eyes of all. Those that never saw him in the one have discovered him in the other. This was the scripture and theology of the heathens: the natural motion of the sun made them more admire him than its supernatural station did the children of Israel; the ordinary effects of Nature wrought more admiration in them, than in the other all

A PARADISE

his miracles. Surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters, than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of Nature."

Mystical letters

THE PLEASURE OF A GARDEN
BY JOSEPH ADDISON

THE PLEASURE OF A GARDEN
BY JOSEPH ADDISON

I AM ONE, YOU MUST KNOW, WHO AM looked upon as a humorist in gardening. I have several acres about my house, which I call my garden, and which a skilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower-garden, which lie so mixt and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner, who had seen nothing of our country, should be conveyed into my garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderness, and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My flowers grow up in several parts of the garden in the greatest luxuriancy and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a stranger walks with me, he is surprised to see several large spots of ground covered with ten thousand different colours, and has often singled out flowers he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or in a meadow, as some of the greatest beauties of the place. The only method I observe in this particular is to range in the same quarter

A natural wilderness

The kitchen garden a pleasant sight

the products of the same season, that they may make their appearance together, and compose a picture of the greatest variety. There is the same irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wilderness as their natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the soil; and am pleased, when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next tree I shall meet with is an apple or oak; an elm or a pear tree. My kitchen has likewise its particular quarters assigned it: for besides the wholesome luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a kitchen garden a more pleasant sight than the finest orangery, or artificial greenhouse. I love to see everything in its perfection: and am more pleased to survey my rows of coleworts and cabbages, with a thousand nameless pot-herbs, springing up in their full fragrancy and verdure, than to see the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit that there is a fountain rising in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and administers to the pleasure as well as the plenty of the place.

Makers of flower-gardens are epigrammatists

I have so conducted it that it visits most of my plantations; and have taken particular care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an open field, so that it generally passes through banks of violets and primroses, plats of willow or other plants, that seem to be of its own producing. There is another circumstance in which I am very particular, or, as my neighbours call me, very whimsical; as my garden invites into it all the birds of the country, by offering them the conveniency of springs and shades, solitude and shelter, I do not suffer any one to destroy their nests in the Spring, or drive them from their usual haunts in fruit-time; I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs. By this means I have always the music of the season in its perfection, and am highly delighted to see the jay or the thrush hopping about my walks, and shooting before my eye across the several little glades and alleys that I pass through. I think there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower-gardens are epigrammatists and sonneteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades,

Kensington Gardens

are romance writers. Wise and London are our heroic poets; and if, as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening, that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations, lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees, rising one higher than another, in proportion as they approach the centre. A spectator, who has not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it actually had been scooped out of that hollow space which I have before mentioned. I never yet met anyone who has walked in this garden, who was not struck with that part of it which I have here mentioned. As for myself,

you will find, by the account which I have already given you, that my compositions in gardening are altogether after the Pindaric manner, and run into the beautiful wildness of nature, without affecting the nicer elegancies of art. What I am now going to mention, will, perhaps, deserve your attention more than anything I have yet said. I find, that in the discourse which I spoke of in the beginning of my letter, you are against filling an English garden with evergreens; and indeed I am so far of your opinion, that I can by no means think the verdure of an evergreen comparable to that which shoots out annually, and clothes our trees in the summer season. But I have often wondered that those who are like myself, and love to live in gardens, have never thought of contriving a winter garden, which should consist of such trees only as never cast their leaves. We have very often little snatches of sunshine and fair weather in the most uncomfortable parts of the year, and have frequently several days in November and January that are as agreeable as any in the finest months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleasure than to walk in such a winter garden as I have proposed. In

The Pindaric manner

A little green spot

the summer season, the whole country blooms, and is a kind of garden; for which reason we are not so sensible of those beauties that at this time may be everywhere met with; but when Nature is in her desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren prospects, there is something unspeakably cheerful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees that smile amidst all the rigours of winter, and give us a view of the most gay season, in the midst of that which is most dead and melancholy. I have so far indulged myself in this thought, that I have set apart a whole acre of ground for the executing of it. The walls are covered with ivy instead of vines. The laurel, the hornbeam, and the holly, with many other trees and plants of the same nature, grow so thick in it that you cannot imagine a more lively scene. The glowing redness of the berries with which they are hung at this time, vies with the verdure of their leaves, and is apt to inspire the heart of the beholder with that vernal delight which you have somewhere taken notice of in your former papers. It is very pleasant, at the same time to see the several kinds of birds retiring into this little green spot, and enjoying themselves

amongst the branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I have before mentioned to you, does not afford a single leaf for their shelter. The delights of gardening

You must know... that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden, as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of Nature to be a laudable if not a virtuous habit of mind.

OF GARDENS OLD AND NEW
BY SIR RICHARD STEELE

The late narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bear's-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.

DRYDEN.

OF GARDENS OLD AND NEW BY SIR RICHARD STEELE

Martial's garden epigram

I LATELY TOOK A PARTICULAR friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprise to me, to hear him often declare, he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats, or, if you will, villas, of the nation. This he described to me in those verses, with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

"Baiana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini,
Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis.
Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto,
Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi;
Sed rure vero barbaroque lætatur." Lib. iii. Ep. 58.

"Our friend Faustinus' country seat I've seen:
No myrtles, plac'd in rows, and idly green,
No widow'd plantain, nor clip'd box-tree, there,

Two ancient gardens

The useless soil unprofitably share;
But simple nature's hand, with nobler grace,
Diffuses artless beauties o'er the place."

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned nature that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, that can be raised from the nicer scenes of art.

This was the taste of the ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein those great masters, being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These (one may observe) consist entirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit-trees, herbs, water, etc. The pieces I am speaking of, are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous. The first of these is already known to the English reader, by the excellent versions of Mr Dryden and Mr Addison. The other having never been attempted in our language with any elegance, and being the most beautiful plan of this

A QUAINT GARDEN

sort that can be imagined, I shall here present the reader with a translation of it. The garden of Alcinous

"Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies;
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green inclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful mould;
The redd'ning apple ripens here to gold;
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'er-
flows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows:
The branch here bends beneath the weighty
pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise;
The same mild season gives the blooms to
blow
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear
With all the united labours of the year.
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun.

The garden of Alcinous

Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r descry'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in Autumn's richest purple dy'd.

Beds of all various herbs for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd;
This through the gardens leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king."

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this description contains all the justest rules and provisions which can go towards composing the best gardens. Its extent was four acres, which in those times of simplicity was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince; it was inclosed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined close to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees, which were standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine description of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another, throughout the year.

Ancient and modern gardens compared

The vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the garden; as also the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the inclosure, in the nature and usual place of our kitchen gardens.

The two fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the inclosure, and were brought by conduits, or ducts, one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town for the service of the public.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening! We seem to make it our study to recede from nature, not only in the various tonsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself. We run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most awkward figures

A formal garden

of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own.

"Huic et nexilibus videas è frondibus hortos,
Implexos latè muros, et mœnia circùm
Porrigere, et latas è ramis surgere turres;
Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea rostra:
In buxisque undare fretum, atque è rore rudentes.
Parte aliâ frondere suis tentoria castris;
Scutaque spiculaque et jaculantia citria vallos."

"Here interwoven branches form a wall,
And from the living fence green turrets rise;
There ships of myrtle sail in seas of box;
A green encampment yonder meets the eye,
And loaded citrons bearing shields and spears."

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature: as such are chiefly sensible, that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural. A citi-

zen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent cook, who beautified his country seat with a coronation dinner in greens; where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other. A virtuoso gardener

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of greens to be disposed of by an eminent town gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the mere barbarous countries of gross nature, the world stands much in need of a virtuoso gardener who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients of his profession in the imagery of evergreens. My correspondent is arrived to such perfection, that he cuts family pieces of men, women, or children. Any ladies that please may have their own effigies in myrtle, or their husbands' in hornbeam. He is a puritan wag, and never fails

Topiary work

when he shows his garden, to repeat that passage in the Psalms, "Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine, and thy children as olive branches round thy table." I shall proceed to his catalogue, as he sent it for my recommendation.

"Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm: Eve and the serpent very flourishing.

"The tower of Babel, not yet finished.

"St George in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the dragon by next April.

"A green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground-ivy for the present.

"N. B. These two not to be sold separately.

"Edward the black Prince in cypress.

"A laurestine bear in blossom, with a juniper hunter in berries.

"A pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

"A queen Elizabeth in phylyræa, a little inclining to the green-sickness, but of full growth.

"Another queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a savine.

Topiary work

"An old maid of honour in wormwood.

"A topping Ben Johnson in laurel.

"Divers eminent modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of, a penny-worth.

"A quickset hog, shot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot a week in rainy weather.

"A lavender pig, with sage growing in his belly.

"Noah's ark in holly, standing on the mount, the ribs a little damaged for want of water. . . .

GOD ALMIGHTY FIRST PLANTED A garden. And indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks: and a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely: as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year: in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season. For December, and January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter: holly; ivy; bays; juniper; cypress trees; eugh; pine-apple trees; fir trees; rosemary; lavender; periwinkle, the white, the purple, and the blue; germander; flags; orange trees; lemon trees; and myrtles, if they be stoved; and sweet marjoram warm set. There followeth, for the latter part of January, and February, the mezereon tree, which then blossoms; crocus vernus, both the yellow, and the grey; primroses; anemones; the early tulip; hyacinthus orientalis; chamaïris; fritillaria. For March, there come violets, specially the single blue,

The royal ordering of gardens

The royal ordering of gardens

which are the earliest; the yellow daffodil; the daisy; the almond tree in blossom; the peach tree in blossom; the cornelian tree in blossom; sweet-brier. In April follow, the double white violet; the wallflower; the stock gillyflower; the cowslip; flower-delices, and lilies of all natures; rosemary flowers; the tulip; the double peony; the pale daffodil; the French honeysuckle; the cherry tree in blossom; the dammasin, and plum trees in blossom; the white-thorn in leaf; the lilac tree. In May, and June, come pinks of all sorts, specially the blush pink; roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later; honeysuckles; strawberries; bugloss; columbine; the French marigold; flos Africanus; cherry tree in fruit; ribes; figs in fruit; rasps; vine flowers; lavender in flowers; the sweet satyrian, with the white flower; herba muscaria; lilium convallium; the apple tree in blossom. In July, come gillyflowers of all varieties; musk roses; the lime tree in blossom; early pears, and plums in fruit; ginnitings; quadlins. In August, come plums of all sorts in fruit; pears; apricots; barberries; filberts; musk melons; monkshoods, of all colours. In September, come grapes; apples; poppies of all colours;

peaches; mal-catounes; nectarines; cornelians; wardens; quinces. In October, and the beginning of November, comes services; medlars; bullies; roses cut or removed to come late; hollyoaks; and such like. Thus, if you will, you may have the Golden Age again and a spring all the year long.

Flowers that do best perfume the air

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes. like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know, what be the flowers, and plants, that do best perfume the air. Roses damask and red are fast flowers of their smells; so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays likewise yield no smell, as they grow. Rosemary little; nor sweet marjoram. That, which above all others, yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet; specially the white double violet, which comes twice a year; about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the musk rose. Then the strawberry leaves dying, which [yield] a most excellent cordial smell. Then the flower of the vines; it is a little dust, like the dust of a

Fragrant flowers

bent, which grows upon the cluster, in the first coming forth. Then sweet-brier. Then wall-flowers, which are very delightful, to be set under a parlour, or lower chamber window. Then pinks, and gillyflowers, specially the matted pink, and clove gillyflower. Then the flowers of the lime tree. Then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of bean flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three: that is burnet, wild thyme, and water mints. Therefore, you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

For gardens (speaking of those which are indeed prince-like, as we have done of buildings), the contents ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground; and to be divided into three parts: a green in the entrance; a heath or desert in the going forth; and the main garden in the midst; besides alleys, on both sides. And I like well, that four acres of ground be assigned to the green; six to the heath; four and four to either side; and twelve to the main garden. The green hath two pleasures; the one, because no-

thing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn; the other, because it will give you a fair alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a stately hedge, which is to enclose the garden. But because the alley will be long, and in great heat of the year, or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in the sun through the green, therefore you are, of either side the green, to plant a covert alley, upon carpenters' work, about twelve feet in height, by which you may go in shade, into the garden. As for the making of knots, or figures, with divers coloured earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house, on that side which the garden stands, they be but toys: you may see as good sights, many times, in tarts. The garden is best to be square; encompassed, on all the four sides, with a stately arched hedge. The arches to be upon pillars, of carpenters' work, of some ten feet high, and six feet broad: and the spaces between, of the same dimension, with the breadth of the arch. Over the arches, let there be an entire hedge, of some four feet high, framed also upon carpenters' work: and over every arch, upon the upper hedge, a little turret, with a belly, enough to receive a cage of

Shade in the garden

Alleys and hedges

birds: and over every space, between the arches, some other little figure, with broad plates of round coloured glass, gilt, for the sun to play upon. But this hedge I intend to be raised upon a bank, not steep, but gently slope, of some six feet, set all with flowers. Also I understand, that this square of the garden should not be the whole breadth of the ground, but to leave, on either side, ground enough for diversity of side alleys: unto which the two covert alleys of the green may deliver you. But there must be no alleys with hedges, at either end of this great enclosure: not at the hither end, for letting your prospect upon this fair hedge from the green; nor at the further end, for letting your prospect from the hedge, through the arches, upon the heath.

For the ordering of the ground, within the great hedge, I leave it to variety of device; advising nevertheless, that whatsoever form you cast it into, first it be not too busy, or full of work. Wherein I, for my part, do not like images cut out in juniper, or other garden stuff: they be for children. Little low hedges, round, like welts, with some pretty pyramids, I like well: and in some places, fair columns upon frames of car-

A GAY GARDEN

penters' work. I would also have the alleys spacious and fair. You may have closer alleys upon the side grounds, but none in the main garden. I wish also, in the very middle, a fair mount, with three ascents, and alleys, enough for four to walk abreast; which I would have to be perfect circles, without any bulwarks, or embossments; and the whole mount to be thirty feet high; and some fine banqueting house, with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass.

Fountains are for beauty and refreshment

For fountains, they are a great beauty, and refreshment; but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome, and full of flies and frogs. Fountains I intend to be of two natures: the one that sprinkleth or spouteth water; the other a fair receipt of water, of some thirty or forty feet square, but without fish, or slime, or mud. For the first, the ornaments of images gilt, or of marble, which are in use, do well; but the main matter is, so to convey the water, as it never stay either in the bowls, or in the cistern; that the water be never by rest discoloured, green, or red, or the like; or gather any mossiness or putrefaction. Besides that, it is to be cleansed every day by the hand. Also some steps up to it, and

A natural wilderness

some fine pavement about it, doth well. As for the other kind of fountain, which we may call a bathing pool, it may admit much curiosity, and beauty; wherewith we will not trouble ourselves: as, that the bottom be finely paved, and with images: the sides likewise; and withal embellished with coloured glass, and such things of lustre; encompassed also with fine rails of low statues. But the main point is the same which we mentioned in the former kind of fountain; which is, that the water be in perpetual motion, fed by a water higher than the pool, and delivered into it by fair spouts, and then discharged away under the ground, by some equality of bores, that it stay little. And for fine devices, of arching water without spilling, and making it rise in several forms (of feathers, drinking glasses, canopies, and the like), they be pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness.

For the heath, which was the third part of our plot, I wish it to be framed, as much as may be, to a natural wildness. Trees I would have none in it; but some thickets made only of sweet-brier, and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets,

strawberries, and primroses. For these are sweet, and prosper in the shade. And these to be in the heath, here and there, not in any order. I like also little heaps, in the nature of molehills (such as are in wild heaths), to be set, some with wild thyme; some with pinks; some with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye; some with periwinkle; some with violets; some with strawberries; some with cowslips; some with daisies; some with red roses; some with lilium convallium; some with sweet-williams red; some with bear's-foot; and the like low flowers, being withal sweet, and sightly. Part of which heaps to be with standards, of little bushes, pricked upon their top, and part without. The standards to be roses; juniper; holly; barberries (but here and there, because of the smell of their blossom); red currants; gooseberry; rosemary; bays; sweet-brier; and such like. But these standards to be kept with cutting, that they grow not out of course.

Flowers sweet and sightly

For the side grounds, you are to fill them with variety of alleys, private, to give a full shade; some of them, wheresoever the sun be. You are to frame some of them likewise for shelter, that, when the wind blows sharp, you

The main garden should have fair alleys

may walk as in a gallery. And those alleys must be likewise hedged, at both ends, to keep out the wind; and these closer alleys must be ever finely gravelled, and no grass, because of going wet. In many of these alleys, likewise, you are to set fruit trees of all sorts; as well upon the walls, as in ranges. And this would be generally observed, that the borders, wherein you plant your fruit trees, be fair and large, and low, and not steep; and set with fine flowers, but thin and sparingly, lest they deceive the trees. At the end of both the side grounds, I would have a mount of some pretty height, leaving the wall of the enclosure breast-high, to look abroad into the fields.

For the main garden, I do not deny but there should be some fair alleys, ranged on both sides with fruit trees; and some pretty tufts of fruit trees, and arbours with seats, set in some decent order; but these to be by no means set too thick; but to leave the main garden so as it be not close, but the air open and free. For as for shade, I would have you rest upon the alleys of the side grounds, there to walk, if you be disposed, in the heat of the year, or day; but to make account that the main garden is for

the more temperate parts of the year; and in the heat of summer, for the morning, and the evening, or overcast days. The true pleasure of a garden

For aviaries, I like them not, except they be of that largeness as they may be turfed, and have living plants, and bushes, set in them; that the birds may have more scope, and natural nesting, and that no foulness appear in the floor of the aviary.

So I have made a platform of a princely garden, partly by precept, partly by drawing, not a model, but some general lines of it; and in this I have spared for no cost. But it is nothing for great princes, that, for the most part, taking advice with workmen, with no less cost, set their things together; and sometimes add statues, and such things, for state, and magnificence, but nothing to the true pleasure of a garden.

THE GARDEN BY A. COWLEY

TO J. EVELYN, ESQ.

I NEVER HAD ANY OTHER DESIRE so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and study of nature,

That pleasantest work of human industry

And there (with no design beyond my wall)
whole and entire to lie,
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

Or, as Virgil has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there

Studiis florere ignobilis otî:

(though I could wish that he had rather said, "nobilis otii," when he spoke of his own). But several accidents of my ill fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this world, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds and rubbish; and without that pleasantest work of human industry, the improvement of something which we call (not very properly,

Arts and excellences

but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from Sodom, but I am not yet arrived at my little Zoar. *O let me escape thither (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live.* I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, sir (for this seems a little too extravagant and pindarical for prose), what I mean by all this preface; it is to let you know, that though I have missed, like a chemist, my great one, yet I account my affections and endeavours well rewarded by something that I have met with by the bye; which is, that they have procured to me some part in your kindness and esteem: and thereby the honour of having my name so advantageously recommended to posterity, by the epistle you are pleased to prefix to the most useful book that has been written in that kind,* and which is to last as long as months and years.

Among many other arts and excellences, which you enjoy, I am glad to find this favourite of mine the most predominant; that you choose this for your wife, though you have hundreds of other arts for your concubines; though you know them, and beget sons upon them all

* Evelyn's *Kalendarium Hortense*, dedicated to Cowley.

(to which you are rich enough to allow great legacies), yet the issue of this seems to be designed by you to the main of the estate; you have taken most pleasure in it, and bestowed most charges upon its education: and I doubt not to see that book, which you are pleased to promise to the world, and of which you have given us a large earnest in your calendar, as accomplished, as anything can be expected from an extraordinary wit, and no ordinary expenses, and a long experience. I know nobody that possesses more private happiness than you do in your garden; and yet no man, who makes his happiness more public, by a free communication of the art and knowledge of it to others. All that I myself am able yet to do, is only to recommend to mankind the search of that felicity, which you instruct them how to find and to enjoy.

The private happiness of a garden

I

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
With prudence, how to choose the best;
In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
(Things, which thou well dost understand;

The fairest garden

And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble, innocent delight:
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
For empty shows, and senseless noise!
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such poisonous weeds?

II

When God did man to His own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great potter's art refin'd,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of heaven too did appear,
As far as earth could such a likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which earth to her first master could afford,
He did a garden for him plant
By the quick hand of His omnipotent word.

As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift; first, ev'n before a wife.

God the first garden made

III

For God, the universal architect,
'T had been as easy to erect
A Louvre or Escurial, or a tower
That might with heaven communication hold,
As Babel vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the skill or power;
In the world's fabric those were shown,
And the materials were all his own.
But well he knew, what place would best agree
With innocence, and with felicity:
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain;
If any part of either yet remain,
If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the search direct;
God the first garden made, and the first city,
Cain.

IV

O blessed shades! O gentle cool retreat
From all th' immoderate heat
In which the frantic world does burn and sweat!
This does the lion-star, ambition's rage;
This avarice, the dog-star's thirst assuage;

Garden minstrelsy

Everywhere else their fatal power we see,
They make and rule man's wretched destiny:
They neither set, nor disappear,
But tyrannize o'er all the year;
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
The birds that dance from bough to bough,
And sing above in every tree,
Are not from fears and cares more free,
Than we, who lie, or sit or walk below,
And should by right be singers too.
What princes choir of music can excel
That, which within this shade does dwell?
To which we nothing pay or give;
They, like all other poets live,
Without reward, or thanks for their obliging pains;
'Tis well, if they become not prey:
The whistling winds add their less artful strains,
And a grave base the murmuring fountains play;
Nature does all this harmony bestow,
But to our plants, art's music too,
The pipe, theorbo, and guitar we owe;
The lute itself, which once was green and mute,
When Orpheus strook th' inspired lute,
The trees danc'd round, and understood

By sympathy the voice of wood.

Dwelling among jasmine and roses

V

These are the spells, that to kind sleep invite,
And nothing does within resistance make,
Which yet we moderately take;
Who would not choose to be awake,
While he's encompass'd round with such delight,
To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste and sight?
When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep
A prisoner in the downy bands of sleep,
She od'rous herbs and flowers beneath him spread,
As the most soft and sweetest bed;
Not her own lap would more have charm'd his head.
Who, that has reason, and his smell,
Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,
Rather than all his spirits choke
With exhalations of dirt and smoke?
And all th' uncleanness, which does drown
In pestilential clouds a populous town?
The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,
Than all the female men or women, there,
Not without cause, about them bear.

Sovereign pleasure in a garden's shade

VI

When Epicurus to the world had taught
That pleasure was the chiefest good,
(And was, perhaps, i' th' right, if rightly understood)
His life he to his doctrine brought,
And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure sought:
Whoever a true epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
Vitellius his table, which did hold
As many creatures, as the ark of old;
That fiscal table, to which every day
All countries did a constant tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford,
Than nature's liberality,
Help'd with a little art and industry,
Allows the meanest gard'ner's board.
The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
For which the grape or melon she would lose;
Though all th' inhabitants of sea and air
Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,
Yet still the fruits of earth we see
Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.

THE LAWN, ETON COLLEGE

VII

Rose and lily perfectly attired

But with no sense the garden does comply,
None courts, or flatters, as it does the eye:
When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
The wond'rous treasures of his wealth and brain,
His royal southern guest to entertain;
Though she on silver floors did tread,
With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,
To hide the metal's poverty.
Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,
And nought around her could behold,
But silk and rich embroidery,
And Babylonian tapestry,
And wealthy Hiram's princely dye:
Though Ophir's starry stones met everywhere her eye;
Though she herself, and her gay host were drest
With all the shining glories of the East;
When lavish art her costly work had done,
The honour and the prize of bravery
Was by the garden from the palace won;
And every rose and lily there did stand
Better attir'd by nature's hand:
The case thus judg'd against the king we see,
By one, that would not be so rich, though wiser far than he.

The soul's good fortune

VIII

Nor does this happy place only dispense
Such various pleasures to the sense;
Here health itself does live,
That salt of life, which does to all a relish give,
Its standing pleasure, and intrinsic wealth,
The body's virtue, and the soul's good fortune, health.
The tree of life, when it in Eden stood
Did its immortal head to heaven rear;
It lasted a tall cedar, till the flood;
Now a small thorny shrub it does appear;
Nor will it thrive too everywhere:
It always here is freshest seen;
'Tis only here an evergreen.
If, through the strong and beauteous fence
Of temperance and innocence,
And wholesome labours, and a quiet mind,
Any diseases passage find,
They must not think here to assail
A land unarm'd, or without a guard;
They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
Before they can prevail:
Scarce any plant is growing here,
Which against death some weapon does not bear,

Let cities boast, that they provide
For life the ornaments of pride;
But 'tis the country and the field,
That furnish it with staff and shield.

Flowers of heaven and stars of earth

IX

Where does the wisdom and the power divine
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?
Where do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creator's real poetry,
    Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?
If we could open and intend our eye,
    We all, like Moses, should espy
Ev'n in a bush the radiant Deity.
But we despise these his inferior ways
(Though no less full of miracle and praise):
    Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze;
The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,
    Though these perhaps do more, than they,
        The life of mankind sway,
Although no part of mighty nature be
More stor'd with beauty, power, and mystery;
Yet to encourage human industry,
God has so order'd, that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for art.

The Maker's power divine

x

We nowhere art do so triumphant see,
As when it grafts or buds the tree :
In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docile scholar can appear
To nature, and but imitate her well ;
It overrules, and is her master here,
It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does refine :
It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore
To its blest state of Paradise before :
Who would not joy to see His conquering hand
O'er all the vegetable world command ?
And the wild giants of the wood receive
What law He's pleased to give?
He bids th' ill-natured crab produce
The gentler apple's winy juice ;
The golden fruit, that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss;
He does the savage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear;
He bids the rustic plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach.
Even Daphne's coyness he does mock,
And weds the cherry to her stock,

Though she refus'd Apollo's suit ; In a Salonian garden
Even she, that chaste and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herself, to see
That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

XI

Methinks I see great Diocletian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made :
I see him smile (methinks) as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain,
T' entice him to a throne again.
If I, my friends (said he) should to you show
All the delights, which in these gardens grow ;
'Tis likelier much, that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis, that you should carry me away :
And trust me not, my friends, if every day,
I walk not here with more delight,
Than ever, after the most happy fight,
In triumph to the capitol I trod,
To thank the gods, and to be thought, myself almost a god.

OF GARDENING IN 1685
BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

IN OUR NORTH-WEST CLIMATES, our gardens are very different from what they were in Greece and Italy, and from what they are now in those regions in Spain, or the southern parts of France. And as most general customs in countries grow from the different nature of climates, soils or situations, and from the necessities or industry they impose, so do these.

Coolness and shade to be valued

In the warmer regions, fruits and flowers of the best sorts are so common, and of so easy production, that they grow in fields, and are not worth the cost of enclosing, or the care of more than ordinary cultivating. On the other side, the great pleasures of those climates are coolness of air, and whatever looks cool even to the eyes, and relieves them from the unpleasant sight of dusty streets, or parched fields. This makes the gardens of those countries to be chiefly valued by largeness of extent (which gives greater play and openness of air) by shades of trees, by frequency of living streams or fountains, by perspectives, by statues, and by pillars and obelisks of stone scattered up and down, which all conspire to make any place look fresh and cool. On the contrary,

English and Dutch gardens

the more northern climates, as they suffer little by heat, make little provision against it, and are careless of shade, and seldom curious in fountains. Good statues are in the reach of few men, and common ones are generally and justly despised or neglected. But no sorts of good fruits or flowers, being natives of the climates, or usual among us (nor indeed the best sort of plants, herbs, salads for our kitchen-gardens themselves); and the best fruits not ripening without the advantage of walls or palisadoes, by reflection of the faint heat we receive from the sun, our gardens are made of smaller compass, seldom exceeding four, six, or eight acres; enclosed with walls, and laid out in a manner wholly for advantage of fruits, flowers, and the product of kitchen-gardens in all sorts of herbs, salads, plants and legumes, for the common use of tables.

These are usually the gardens of England and Holland, as the first sort are those of Italy, and were so of old. In the more temperate parts of France, and in Brabant (where I take gardening to be at its greatest height) they are composed of both sorts, the extent more spacious than ours; part laid out for flowers,

others for fruits; some standards, some against walls or palisades, some for forest-trees and groves for shade, some parts wild, some exact; and fountains much in request among them. The elegance of English gardens

But after so much ramble into ancient times, and remote places, to return home and consider the present way and humour of our gardening in England; which seem to have grown into such vogue, and to have been so mightily improved in three or four and twenty years of His Majesty's reign, that perhaps few countries are before us, either in the elegance of our gardens, or in the number of our plants; and I believe none equals us in the variety of fruits, which may be justly called good; and from the earliest cherry and strawberry, to the last apples and pears, may furnish every day of the circling year. For the taste and perfection of what we esteem the best, I may truly say, that the French, who have eaten my peaches and grapes at Shene, in no very ill year, have generally concluded, that the last are as good as any they have eaten in France, on this side Fountainbleau; and the first as good as any they have eat in Gascony; I mean those which come from the stone, and are properly called peaches, not

Orange-trees

those which are hard, are termed pavies; for these cannot grow in too warm a climate, nor ever be good in a cold; and are better at Madrid, than in Gascony itself: Italians have agreed my white figs to be as good as any of that sort in Italy, which is the earlier kind of white fig there; for in the latter kind, and the blue, we cannot come near the warm climates, no more than in the Frontignac or Muscat grape.

My orange-trees are as large as any I saw when I was young in France, except those of Fountainbleau, or what I have seen since in the Low Countries, except some very old ones of the Prince of Orange's; as laden with flowers as any can well be, as full of fruit as I suffer or desire them, and as well tasted as are commonly brought over, except the best sorts of Sevil and Portugal. And thus much I could not but say, in defence of our climate, which is so much and so generally decried abroad, by those who never saw it; or, if they have been here, have yet perhaps seen no more of it, than what belongs to inns, or to taverns and ordinaries; who accuse our country for their own defaults, and speak ill, not only of our gardens and houses, but of our humours, our breeding, our customs and

manners of life, by what they have observed of the meaner and baser sort of mankind; and of company among us, because they wanted themselves, perhaps, either fortune or birth, either quality or merit, to introduce them among the good. In praise of the climate of England

I must needs add one thing more in favour of our climate, which I heard the king say, and I thought new and right, and truly like a king of England, that loved and esteemed his own country: 'twas in reply to some of the company that were reviling our climate, and extolling those of Italy and Spain, or at least of France: he said, he thought that was the best climate, where he could be abroad in the air with pleasure, or at least without trouble and inconvenience, the most days of the year, and the most hours of the day; and this he thought he could be in England, more than in any country he knew of in Europe. And I believe it is true, not only of the hot and cold, but even among our neighbours in France, and the Low Countries themselves; where the heats or the colds, and changes of seasons, are less treatable than they are with us.

The truth is, our climate wants no heat to

The true region of English gardens

produce excellent fruits; and the default of it is only the short season of our heats or summers, by which many of the latter are left behind, and imperfect with us. But all such as are ripe before the end of August, are, for ought I know, as good with us as anywhere else. This makes me esteem the true region of gardens in England, to be the compass of ten miles about London; where the accidental warmth of air, from the fires and steams of so vast a town, makes fruits, as well as corn, a great deal forwarder than in Hampshire or Wiltshire, though more southward by a full degree.

There are, besides the temper of our climate, two things particular to us, that contribute much to the beauty and elegance of our gardens, which are the gravel of our walks, and the fineness and almost perpetual greenness of our turf. The first is not known anywhere else, which leaves all their dry walks in other countries very unpleasant and uneasy. The other cannot be found in France or in Holland as we have it, the soil not admitting that fineness of blade in Holland, nor the sun that greenness in France, during most of the summer; nor indeed is it to be found but in the finest of our soils.

Whoever begins a garden, ought in the first place, and above all, to consider the soil, upon which the taste of not only his fruits, but his legumes, and even herbs and salads, will wholly depend; and the default of soil is without remedy: for although all borders of fruit may be made with what earth you please (if you will be at the charge) yet it must be renewed in two or three years, or it runs into the nature of the ground where 'tis brought. Old trees spread their roots further than anybody's care extends, or the forms of the garden will allow; and after all, where the soil about you is ill, the air is so too in a degree, and has influence upon the taste of fruit. What Horace says of the productions of kitchen-gardens under the name of *Caulis*, is true of all the best sorts of fruits, and may determine the choice of soil for all gardens.

Horace on kitchen-gardens

Caule suburbano qui siccus crevit in agris
Dulcior, irriguis nihil est elutius hortis.

Plants from dry fields those of the town excel,
Nothing more tasteless is than watered grounds.

Any man had better throw away his care and his money upon anything else, than upon a garden in wet or moist ground. Peaches and grapes

Varro's judgment

will have no taste but upon a sand or gravel; but the richer these are, the better; and neither salads, peas or beans, have at all the taste upon a clay or rich earth, as they have upon either of the others, though the size and colour of fruits and plants may, perhaps, be more upon the worse soils.

Next to your choice of soil, is to suit your plants to your ground, since of this every one is not master; though perhaps Varro's judgment upon this case is the wisest and the best; for to one that asked him, what he should do if his father or ancestors had left him a seat in an ill air, or upon an ill soil? He answered, Why sell it, and buy another in good. But what if I cannot get half the worth? Why then take a quarter; but however sell it for anything, rather than live upon it.

Of all sorts of soil, the best is that upon a sandy gravel, or a rosiny sand; whoever lies upon either of these, may run boldly into all the best sort of peaches and grapes, how shallow soever the turf be upon them; and whatever other tree will thrive in these soils the fruit shall be of much finer taste than any other: a richer soil will do well enough for apricots, plums, pears or figs; but still the more of the sand in your earth the

AN OLD ROSE GARDEN

better, and the worse the more of the clay, which is proper for oaks, and no other tree that I know of.

A good plum is better than an ill peach

Fruits should be suited to the climate among us, as well as the soil; for there are degrees of one and the other in England, where 'tis to little purpose to plant any of the best fruits; as peaches or grapes, hardly, I doubt, beyond Northamptonshire, at the furthest northwards: and I thought it very prudent in a gentleman of my friends in Staffordshire, who is a great lover of his garden, to pretend no higher, though his soil be good enough, than to the perfection of plums; and in these (by bestowing south walls upon them) he has very well succeeded, which he could never have done in attempts upon peaches and grapes; and a good plum is certainly better than an ill peach.

When I was at Cosevelt with that Bishop of Munster, that made so much noise in his time, I observed no other trees but cherries in a great garden he had made. He told me the reason was, because he found no other fruit would ripen well in that climate, or upon that soil; and therefore instead of being curious in others, he had only been so in the sorts of that, whereof he had so

Four necessary things to be provided for

many, as never to be without them from May to the end of September.

As to the size of a garden, which will perhaps, in time, grow extravagant among us, I think from five or four, to seven or eight acres, is as much as any gentleman need design, and will furnish as much of all that is expected from it, as any nobleman will have occasion to use in his family.

In every garden four things are necessary to be provided for, flowers, fruit, shade, and water; and whoever lays out a garden without all these, must not pretend it in any perfection: it ought to lie to the best parts of the house, or to those of the master's commonest use, so as to be but like one of the rooms out of which you step into another. The part of your garden next your house (besides the walks that go round it) should be a parterre for flowers, or grass-plots bordered with flowers; or if, according to the newest mode, it be cast all into grass-plots and gravel-walks, the dryness of these should be relieved with fountains, and the plainness of those with statues; otherwise, if large, they have an ill effect upon the eye. However, the part next the house should be open, and no other fruit but upon the walls. If this take up one half of the gar-

den, the other should be fruit-trees, unless some grove for shade lie in the middle. If it take up a third part only, then the next third may be dwarf-trees, and the last standard-fruit; or else the second part fruit-trees, and the third all sorts of winter-greens, which provide for all seasons of the year. Youth's inclination; age's pleasure

I will not enter upon any account of flowers, having only pleased myself with seeing or smelling them, and not troubled myself with the care, which is more the ladies' part than the men's; but the success is wholly in the gardener. . . .

For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say, that among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any one of them, but often endeavoured to escape from them, into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace, in the common paths or circles of life.

Inter cuncta leges et percunctabere doctos
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum,
Quid curas minuat, quid te tibi reddat amicum,

Questions a man ought to ask himself

Quid pure tranquillet, honos an dulce lucellum,
An secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ.

But above all, the learned read and ask
By what means you may gently pass your age,
What lessens care, what makes thee thine own friend,
What truly calms the mind; honour, or wealth,
Or else a private path of stealing life?

These are questions that a man ought at least to ask himself, whether he asks others or no, and to choose his course of life rather by his own humour and temper, than by common accidents, or advice of friends; at least if the Spanish proverb be true, That *a fool knows more in his own house, than a wise man in another's.*

The measure of choosing well, is, whether a man likes what he has chosen, which I thank God has befallen me; and though among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own; yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years with-

out ever going once to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humour to make so small a remove; for when I am in this corner I can truly say with Horace, Horace again quoted

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quid sentire putas, quid credis amice precare?
Sit mihi quod nunc est etiam minus, ut mihi vivam,
Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volent Dii.
Sit bona librorum, et provisæ frugis in annum
Copia, ne dubiæ fluitem spe pendulus horæ,
Hoc satis est orasse Jovem qui donat et aufert.

Me when the cold Digentian stream revives,
What does my friend believe I think or ask?
Let me yet less possess, so I may live,
Whate'er of life remains, unto myself.
May I have books enough, and one year's store,
Not to depend upon each doubtful hour;
This is enough of mighty Jove to pray,
Who, as he pleases, gives and takes away.

That which makes the cares of gardening more necessary, or at least more excusable, is,

The season of summer fruits

that all men eat fruit that can get it; so as the choice is, only whether one will eat good or ill; and between these the difference is not greater in point of taste and delicacy, than it is of health: for the first, I will only say, that whoever has used to eat good, will do very great penance when he comes to ill: and for the other, I think nothing is more evident, than as ill or unripe fruit is extremely unwholesome, and causes so many untimely deaths, or so much sickness about autumn, in all great cities where 'tis greedily sold as well as eaten; so no part of diet, in any season, is so healthful, so natural, and so agreeable to the stomach, as good and well-ripened fruits; for this I make the measure of their being good; and let the kinds be what they will, if they will not ripen perfectly in our climate, they are better never planted, or never eaten. I can say it for myself at least, and all my friends, that the season of summer fruits is ever the season of health with us, which I reckon from the beginning of June to the end of September, and for all sicknesses of the stomach (from which most others are judged to proceed) I do not think any that are like me, the most subject to them, shall complain, whenever they eat thirty

or forty cherries before meals, or the like proportion of strawberries, white figs, soft peaches, or grapes perfectly ripe. But these after Michaelmas I do not think wholesome with us, unless attended by some fit of hot and dry weather, more than is usual after that season; when the frosts or the rain have taken them, they grow dangerous, and nothing but the autumn and winter pears are to be reckoned in season, besides apples, which, with cherries, are of all others the most innocent food, and perhaps the best physic. Now, whoever will be sure to eat good fruit, must do it out of a garden of his own; for besides the choice so necessary in the sorts, the soil, and so many other circumstances that go to compose a good garden, and produce good fruits, there is something very nice in gathering them, and choosing the best, even from the same tree. The best sorts of all among us, which I esteem the white figs and the soft peaches, will not carry without suffering. The best fruit that is bought, has no more of the master's care, than how to raise the greatest gains; his business is to have as much fruit as he can upon as few trees; whereas the way to have it excellent, is to have but little upon many trees. So that for

Of fruits in season

Fruit-trees

all things out of a garden, either of salads or fruits, a poor man will eat better, that has one of his own, than a rich man that has none. And this is all I think of, necessary and useful to be known upon this subject.

THE GARDENS OF THE ANCIENTS SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

EPICURUS PASSED HIS LIFE WHOLly in his gardens; there he studied, there he exercised, there he taught his philosophy; and indeed, no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much, to both the tranquillity of mind, and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. The sweetness of air, the pleasantness of smells, the verdure of plants, the cleanness and lightness of food, the exercises of working or walking; but above all, the exemption from cares and solicitude, seem equally to favour and improve both contemplation and health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the quiet and ease both of the body and mind. The gardens of Epicurus

Though Epicurus be said to have been the first that had a garden in Athens, whose citizens before him had theirs in their villages or farms without the city; yet the use of gardens seems to have been the most ancient and most general of any sorts of possession among mankind, and to have preceded those of corn or of cattle, as yielding the easier, the pleasanter, and more natural food. As it has been the inclination of kings, and the choice of philosophers, so it has

The garden of Paradise

been the common favourite of public and private men; a pleasure of the greatest, and the care of the meanest; and indeed an employment and a possession, for which no man is too high nor too low.

If we believe the Scripture, we must allow that God Almighty esteemed the life of a man in a garden the happiest He could give him, or else He would not have placed Adam in that of Eden; that it was a state of innocence and pleasure; and that the life of husbandry and cities came in after the Fall, with guilt and with labour.

Where Paradise was, has been much debated, and little agreed; but what sort of place is meant by it, may perhaps easier be conjectured. It seems to have been a Persian word, since Xenophon and other Greek authors mention it, as what was much in use and delight among the kings of those Eastern countries. Strabo describing Jericho, says, *Ibi est palmetum, cui immixte sunt, etiam aliæ stirpes hortenses, locus ferax, palmis abundans, spatio stadiorum centum, totus irriguus, ibi est Regia & Balsami Paradisus.* He mentions another place to be *prope Libanum & Paradisum.* And

Alexander is written to have seen Cyrus's tomb in a paradise, being a tower not very great, and covered with a shade of trees about it. So that a Paradise among them seems to have been a large space of ground, adorned and beautified with all sorts of trees, both of fruits and of forest, either found there before it was enclosed, or planted after; either cultivated like gardens, for shades and for walks, with fountains or streams, and all sorts of plants usual in the climate, and pleasant to the eye, the smell or the taste; or else employed, like our Parks, for enclosure, and harbour of all sorts of wild beasts, as well as for the pleasure of riding and walking: and so they were of more or less extent, and of differing entertainment, according to the several humours of the princes that ordered and enclosed them.

Semiramis: maker of gardens

Semiramis is the first we are told of in story, that brought them in use through her empire, and was so fond of them, as to make one wherever she built, and in all, or most of the provinces she subdued; which are said to have been from Babylon as far as India. The Assyrian kings continued this custom and care, or rather this pleasure, till one of them brought in the

The garden of an Assyrian king

use of smaller and more regular gardens: for having married a wife he was fond of, out of one of the provinces, where such paradises or gardens were much in use, and the country lady not well bearing the air or enclosure of the palace in Babylon to which the Assyrian kings used to confine themselves; he made her gardens, not only within the palaces, but upon terraces raised with earth, over the arched roofs, and even upon the top of the highest tower, planted them with all sorts of fruit-trees, as well as other plants and flowers, the most pleasant of that country; and thereby made at least the most airy gardens, as well as the most costly, that have been heard of in the world. This lady may probably have been native of the provinces of Chasimir, or of Damascus, which have in all times been the happiest regions for fruits of all the East, by the excellence of soil, the position of mountains, the frequency of streams, rather than the advantages of climate. And 'tis great pity we do not yet see the history of Chasimir, which Monsieur Bernier assured me he had translated out of Persian, and intended to publish; and of which he has given such a taste, in his excellent memoirs of the Mogul's country.

The next gardens we read of, are those of Solomon, planted with all sorts of fruit-trees, and watered with fountains; and though we have no more particular description of them, yet we may find, they were the places where he passed the times of his leisure and delight, where the houses as well as grounds were adorned with all that could be of pleasing and elegant, and were the retreats and entertainments of those among his wives that he loved the best; and 'tis not improbable, that the paradises mentioned by Strabo, were planted by this great and wisest king. But the idea of the garden must be very great, if it answers at all to that of the gardener, who must have employed a great deal of his care and his study, as well as of his leisure and thought in these entertainments, since he writ of all plants, from the cedar to the shrub. Solomon's gardens

What the gardens of the Hesperides were, we have little or no account, further than the mention of them, and thereby the testimony of their having been in use and request, in such remoteness of place, and antiquity of time.

The garden of Alcinous, described by Homer,

The garden of Alcinous

seems wholly poetical, and made at the pleasure of the painter; like the rest of the romantic palace, in that little barren island of Phenicia or Corfu. Yet, as all the pieces of this transcendent genius are composed with excellent knowledge, as well as fancy: so they seldom fail of instruction as well as delight, to all that read him. The seat of this garden, joining to the gates of the palace, the compass of the enclosure being four acres, the tall trees of shade, as well as those of fruit, the two fountains, the one for the use of the garden, and the other of the palace, the continual succession of fruits throughout the whole year, are, for aught I know, the best rules or provisions that can go towards composing the best gardens; nor is it unlikely, that Homer may have drawn this picture after the life of some he had seen in Ionia, the country and usual abode of this divine poet; and indeed, the region of the most refined pleasures and luxury, as well as invention and wit: for the humour and custom of gardens may have descended earlier into the lower Asia, from Damascus, Assyria, and other parts of the Eastern Empires, though they seem to have made late entrance, and smaller improvement in those of Greece and Rome; at least in

OLD FASHIONED FLOWERS

no proportion to their other inventions or refinements of pleasure and luxury.

Flourishing peace brings gardening to perfection

The long and flourishing peace of the two first Empires, gave earlier rise and growth to learning and civility, and all the consequences of them, in magnificence and elegancy of building and gardening, whereas Greece and Rome were almost perpetually engaged in quarrels and wars, either abroad or at home, and so were busy in actions that were done under the sun, rather than those under the shade. These were the entertainments of the softer nations, that fell under the virtue and prowess of the two last empires, which from those conquests brought home mighty increases both of riches and luxury, and so perhaps lost more than they got by the spoils of the East.

There may be another reason for the small advance of gardening in those excellent and more temperate climates, where the air and soil were so apt of themselves to produce the best sorts of fruits, without the necessity of cultivating them by labour and care; whereas the hotter climates, as well as the cold, are forced upon industry and skill, to produce or improve many fruits that grow of themselves in the more tem-

Garden of old Greece and old Rome

perate regions. However it were, we have very little mention of gardens in old Greece, or in old Rome, for pleasure or with elegance, nor of much curiousness of care, to introduce the fruits of foreign climates, contenting themselves with those which were native of their own; and these were the vine, the olive, the fig, the pear, and the apple: Cato, as I remember, mentions no more; and their gardens were then but the necessary parts of their farms, intended particularly for the cheap and easy food of their hinds or slaves, employed in their agriculture, and so were turned chiefly to all the common sorts of plants, herbs, or legumes (as the French call them) proper for common nourishment; and the name of *hortus* is taken to be from *ortus*, because it perpetually furnishes some rise or production of something new in the world.

Lucullus, after the Mithridatic war, first brought cherries from Pontus into Italy, which so generally pleased, and were so easily propagated in all climates, that within the space of about an hundred years, having travelled westward with the Roman conquests, they grew common as far as the Rhine, and passed

over into Britain. After the conquest of Africa, Greece, the Lesser Asia, and Syria, were brought into Italy all the sorts of their *Mala*, which we interpret apples, and might signify no more at first, but were afterwards applied to many other foreign fruits: the apricots coming from Epire, were called *Mala Epirotica*; peaches from Persia, *Mala Persica*; citrons of Media, *Medica*; pomegranates from Carthage, *Punica*; quinces *Cathonea*, from a small island in the Grecian seas; their best pears were brought from Alexandria, Numidia, Greece, and Numantia; as appears by their several appellations: their plums, from Armenia, Syria, but chiefly from Damascus. The kinds of these are reckoned in Nero's time, to have been near thirty, as well as of figs; and many of them were entertained at Rome, with so great applause, and so general vogue, that the great captains, and even consular men, who first brought them over, took pride in giving them their own names (by which they run a great while in Rome) as in memory of some great service or pleasure they had done their country; so that not only laws and battles, but several sorts of apples or *Mala*, and of pears, were called Manlian and Claudian, Pompeyan

Fruits first introduced

Gardens in Virgil's time

and Tiberian; and by several other such noble names.

Thus the fruits of Rome, in about an hundred years, came from countries as far as their conquests had reached; and like learning, architecture, painting, and statuary, made their great advances in Italy, about the Augustan age. What was of most request in their common gardens in Virgil's time, or at least in his youth, may be conjectured by the description of his old Corician's gardens in the fourth of the Georgics; which begins,

Namque sub Oebaliæ memini me turribus alti,

Among flowers, the roses had the first place, especially a kind which bore twice a year; and none other sorts are here mentioned besides the narcissus, though the violet and the lily were very common, and the next in esteem; especially the *Breve Lilium*, which was the tuberose. The plants he mentions, are the *Apium*, which though commonly interpreted parsley, yet comprehends all sorts of smallage, whereof celery is one; *Cucumis*, which takes in all sorts of melons, as well as cucumbers; *Olus*, which is a common word for all sorts of pot-herbs and

Gardens in Virgil's time

legumes; *Verbenas*, which signifies all kinds of sweet or sacred plants that were used for adorning the altars; as bays, olive, rosemary, myrtle: the *Acanthus* seems to be what we call *Pericanthe*; but what their *Hederæ* were, that deserved place in a garden, I cannot guess, unless they had sorts of ivy unknown to us; nor what his *Vescum Papaver* was, since poppies with us are of no use in eating. The fruits mentioned, are only apples, pears, and plums; for olives, vines and figs, were grown to be fruits of their fields, rather than of their gardens. The shades were the elm, the pine, the lime-tree, and the *Platanus*, or plane-tree; whose leaf and shade, of all others, was the most in request; and having been brought out of Persia, was such an inclination among the Greeks and the Romans, that they usually fed it with wine instead of water; they believed this tree loved that liquor, as well as those that used to drink under its shade; which was a great humour and custom, and perhaps gave rise to the other, by observing the growth of the tree, or largeness of the leaves, where much wine was spilt or left, and thrown upon the roots.

'Tis great pity the haste which Virgil seems

Virgil esteemed and loved gardening

here to have been in, should have hindered him from entering farther into the account or instructions of gardening, which he said he could have given, and which he seems to have so much esteemed and loved, by that admirable picture of this old man's felicity, which he draws like so great a master, with one stroke of a pencil in those four words.

Regum æquabat opes animis.

That in the midst of these small possessions, upon a few acres of barren ground, yet he equalled all the wealth and opulence of kings, in the ease, content, and freedom of his mind. . . .

THE GARDEN OF CYRUS
BY SIR THOMAS BROWNE

Quid Quincunce speciosius, qui, in quamcunque partem spectaveris, rectus est?—QUINTILIAN.

THE GARDEN OF CYRUS
BY SIR THOMAS BROWNE

I

Garden contrivance and herbery

THAT VULCAN GAVE ARROWS UNTO Apollo and Diana the fourth day after their nativities, according to Gentile theology, may pass for no blind apprehension of the creation of the sun and moon, in the work of the fourth day: when the diffused light contracted into orbs, and shooting rays of those luminaries. Plainer descriptions there are from Pagan pens, of the creatures of the fourth day. While the divine philosopher unhappily omitteth the noblest part of the third, and Ovid (whom many conceive to have borrowed his description from Moses), coldly deserting the remarkable account of the text, in three words describeth this work of the third day,—the vegetable creation, and first ornamental scene of nature,—the primitive food of animals, and first story of physic in dietetical conservation.

For though Physic may plead high, from that medical act of God, in casting so deep a sleep upon our first parent, and Chirurgery find its whole art, in that one passage concerning the rib of Adam; yet is there no rivality with Garden contrivance and Herbery; for if Paradise were

Gardens were before gardeners

planted the third day of the creation, as wiser divinity concludeth, the nativity thereof was too early for horoscopy: gardens were before gardeners, and but some hours after the earth.

Of deeper doubt is its topography and local designation; yet being the primitive garden, and without much controversy seated in the east, it is more than probable the first curiosity, and cultivation of plants, most flourished in those quarters. And since the ark of Noah first touched upon some mountains of Armenia, the planting art arose again in the east, and found its revolution not far from the place of its nativity about the plains of those regions. And if Zoroaster were either Cham, Chus, or Mizraim, they were early proficients therein, who left, as Pliny delivereth, a work of Agriculture.

However, the account of the pensile or hanging gardens of Babylon, if made by Semiramis, the third or fourth from Nimrod, is of no slender antiquity; which being not framed upon ordinary level of ground, but raised upon pillars, admitting under-passages, we cannot accept as the first Babylonian gardens,—but a more eminent progress and advancement in that art than any that went before it; somewhat answering or hint-

ing the old opinion concerning Paradise itself, with many conceptions elevated above the plan of the earth.

The hanging gardens of Babylon

Nebuchodonosor (whom some will have to be the famous Syrian king of Diodorus) beautifully repaired that city, and so magnificently built his hanging gardens, that from succeeding writers he had the honour of the first. From whence overlooking Babylon, and all the region about it, he found no circumscription to the eye of his ambition; till over-delighted with the bravery of this Paradise, in his melancholy metamorphosis he found the folly of that delight, and a proper punishment in the contrary habitation—in wild plantations and wanderings of the fields.

The Persian gallants, who destroyed this monarchy, maintained their botanical bravery. Unto whom we owe the very name of Paradise, wherewith we meet not in Scripture before the time of Solomon, and conceived originally Persian. The word for that disputed garden expressing, in the Hebrew, no more than a field enclosed, which from the same root is content to derive a garden and a buckler.

Cyrus the Elder, brought up in woods and

A lord of gardens

mountains, when time and power enabled, pursued the dictate of his education, and brought the treasures of the field into rule and circumscription. So nobly beautifying the hanging gardens of Babylon, that he was also thought to be the author thereof.

Ahasuerus (whom many conceive to have been Artaxerxes Longi-manus), in the country and city of flowers, and in an open garden, entertained his princes and people, while Vashti more modestly treated the ladies within the palace thereof.

But if, as some opinion, King Ahasuerus were Artaxerxes Memnon, that found a life and reign answerable unto his great memory, our magnified Cyrus was his second brother, who gave the occasion of that memorable work, and almost miraculous retreat of Xenophon. A person of high spirit and honour, naturally a king, though fatally prevented by the harmless chance of post-geniture; not only a lord of gardens, but a manual planter thereof, disposing his trees, like his armies, in regular ordination. So that while old Laertes hath found a name in Homer for pruning hedges, and clearing away thorns and briars; while King Attalus lives for his poison-

ous plantation of aconites, henbane, hellebore, and plants hardly admitted within the walls of Paradise; while many of the ancients do poorly live in the single names of vegetables; all stories do look upon Cyrus as the splendid and regular planter. Cyrus, that splendid planter

According whereto Xenophon describeth his gallant plantation at Sardis, thus rendered by Strebæus. "*Arbores pari intervallo sitas, rectos ordines, et omnia perpulchrè in Quincuncem directa.*" Which we shall take for granted as being accordingly rendered by the most elegant of the Latins, and by no made term, but in use before by Varro. That is, the rows and orders so handsomely disposed, or five trees so set together, that a regular angularity, and thorough prospect, was left on every side. Owing this name not only unto the quintuple number of trees, but the figure declaring that number, which being double at the angle, makes up the letter X, that is, the emphatical decussation, or fundamental figure.

Now though, in some ancient and modern practice, the area, or decussated plot might be a perfect square, answerable to a Tuscan pedestal, and the *quinquernio* or cinque point of a dye,

Of various patterns in gardening

wherein by diagonal lines the intersection was rectangular; accommodable unto plantations of large growing trees, and we must not deny ourselves the advantage of this order; yet shall we chiefly insist upon that of Curtius and Porta, in their brief description hereof. Wherein the *decussis* is made within in a longilateral square, with opposite angles, acute and obtuse at the intersection, and so upon progression making a *rhombus* or lozenge figuration, which seemeth very agreeable unto the original figure. Answerable whereunto we observe the decussated characters in many consulary coins, and even in those of Constantine and his sons, which pretend their pattern in the sky; the crucigerous ensign carried this figure, not transversely or rectangularly intersected, but in a decussation, after the form of an Andrean or Burgundian cross, which answereth this description.

. . . . . .

Of this quincuncial ordination the ancients practised much, discoursed little; and the moderns have nothing enlarged; which he that more nearly considereth, in the form of its square rhombus, and decussation, with the several commodities, mysteries, parallelisms, and re-

semblances, both in art and nature, shall easily discern the elegancy of this order. Ancient gardens

That this was in some ways of practice in divers and distant nations, hints or deliveries there are from no slender antiquity. In the hanging gardens of Babylon, from Abydenus, Eusebius, and others, Curtius describeth this rule of decussation. In the memorable garden of Alcinous, anciently conceived an original fancy from Paradise, mention there is of well-contrived order; for so hath Didymus and Eustachius expounded the emphatical word. Diomedes, describing the rural possessions of his father, gives account in the same language of trees orderly planted. And Ulysses being a boy, was promised by his father forty fig-trees, and fifty rows of vines producing all kinds of grapes.

That the eastern inhabitants of India made use of such order, even in open plantations, is deducible from Theophrastus; who, describing the trees whereof they made their garments, plainly delivereth that they were planted κατ' ὄρχους, and in such order that at a distance men would mistake them for vineyards. The same seems confirmed in Greece from a singular expression in Aristotle concerning the order of

Virgil's handsome description

vines, delivered by a military term representing the orders of soldiers, which also confirmeth the antiquity of this form yet used in vineal plantations.

That the same was used in Latin plantations is plainly confirmed from the commending pen of Varro Quintilian, and handsome description of Virgil,

"Indulge ordinibus, nec secius omnis in unguem,
Arboritus positis, secto via limite quadret."

Georg. II.

II

That the networks and nets of antiquity were little different in the form from ours at present, is confirmable from the nets in the hands of the retiary gladiators, the proper combatants with the secutores. To omit the ancient conopeion or gnat-net of the Ægyptians, the inventors of that artifice; the rushy labyrinths of Theocritus; the nosegay nets, which hung from the head under the nostrils of princes; and that uneasy metaphor of reticulum jecoris, which some expound the lobe, we the caul above the liver. As for that famous network of Vulcan, which inclosed Mars and Venus, and caused

GARDEN OF CYRUS

that unextinguishable laugh in heaven,—since the gods themselves could not discern it, we shall not pry into it: although why Vulcan bound them, Neptune loosed them, and Apollo should first discover them, might afford no vulgar mythology. Foretellers of Spring

III

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Now although this elegant ordination of vegetables hath found coincidence or imitation in sundry works of art, yet is it not also destitute of natural examples; and, though overlooked by all, was elegantly observable, in several works of nature.

. . . . . .

The same is observably effected in the *jülus*, catkins, or pendulous excrescences of several trees; of walnuts, alders, and hazels, which hanging all the winter, and maintaining their network close, by the expansion thereof are the early foretellers of the spring: discoverable also in long pepper, and elegantly in the *jülus* of *calamus aromaticus*, so plentifully growing with us, in the first palms of willows, and in the flowers of sycamore, *petasites*, *asphodelus*, and *blat-*

Elegant ordination

taria, before explication. After such order stand the flowery branches in our best spread *verbascum*, and the seeds about the spicous head or torch of *thapsus barbatus*, in as fair a regularity as the circular and wreathed order will admit, which advanceth one side of the square, and makes the same rhomboidal. In the squamous heads of scabious, knapweed, and the elegant *jacea pinea*, and in the scaly composure of the oak rose which some years most aboundeth. After this order hath nature planted the leaves in the head of the common and prickled artichoke, wherein the black and shining flies do shelter themselves, when they retire from the purple flower about it. The same is also found in the pricks, sockets, and impressions of the seeds, in the pulp or bottom thereof; wherein do elegantly stick the fathers of their mother: to omit the quincuncial specks on the top of the miscle-berry, especially that which grows upon the *tilia*, or lime tree; and the remarkable disposure of those yellow fringes about the purple pestil of Aaron, and elegant clusters of dragons, so peculiarly secured by nature, with an umbrella or skreening leaf about them.

. . . . . .

The rose at first is thought to have been of five leaves, as it yet groweth wild among us, but in the most luxuriant, the calicular leaves do still maintain that number. But nothing is more admired than the five brethren of the rose, and the strange disposure of the appendices or beards, in the calicular leaves thereof, which in despair of resolution is tolerably salved from this contrivance, best ordered and suited for the free closure of them before explication. For those two which are smooth, and of no beard, are contrived to lie undermost, as without prominent parts, and fit to be smoothly covered; the other two which are beset with beards on either side, stand outward and uncovered, but the fifth or half-bearded leaf is covered on the bare side, but on the open side stands free, and bearded like the other. The first rose

Besides, a large number of leaves have five divisions, and may be circumscribed by a pentagon or figure of five angles, made by right lines from the extremity of their leaves, as in maple, vine, fig-tree; but five-leaved flowers are commonly disposed circularly about the stylus, according to the higher geometry of nature, dividing a circle by five radii, which

Tapering trees

concur not to make diameters, as in quadrilateral and sexangular intersections.

IV

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Now if for this order we affect coniferous and tapering trees, particularly the cypress, which grows in a conical figure; we have found a tree not only of great ornament, but, in its essentials, of affinity unto this order: a solid rhombus being made by the conversion of two equicrural cones, as Archimedes hath defined. And these were the common trees about Babylon, and the East, whereof the ark was made: and Alexander found no trees so accommodable to build his navy:—and this we rather think to be the tree mentioned in the Canticles, which stricter botanology will hardly allow to be camphire.

And if delight or ornamental view invite a comely disposure by circular amputations, as is elegantly performed in hawthorns, then will they answer the figures made by the conversion of a rhombus, which maketh two concentrical circles; the greater circumference being made by the lesser angles, the lesser by the greater.

Roots and leaves

The cylindrical figure of trees is virtually contained and latent in this order; a cylinder or long round being made by the conversion or turning of a parallelogram, and most handsomely by a long square, which makes an equal, strong, and lasting figure in trees, agreeable unto the body and motive part of animals, the greatest number of plants, and almost all roots, though their stalk be angular, and of many corners, which seem not to follow the figure of their seeds; since many angular seeds send forth round stalks, and spherical seeds arise from angular spindles, and many rather conform unto their roots, as the round stalks of bulbous roots and in tuberous roots stems of like figure. But why, since the largest number of plants maintain a circular figure, there are so few with teretous or long round leaves? Why coniferous trees are tenuifolious or narrow-leafed? Why plants of few or no joints have commonly round stalks? Why the greatest number of hollow stalks are round stalks; or why in this variety of angular stalks the quadrangular most exceedeth, were too long a speculation? Meanwhile obvious experience may find, that in plants of divided leaves above, nature often

Trees and columns

beginneth circularly in the two first leaves below, while in the singular plant of ivy she exerciseth a contrary geometry, and beginning with angular leaves below, rounds them in the upper branches.

Nor can the rows in this order want delight, as carrying an aspect answerable unto the *dipteros hypæthros*, or double order of columns open above; the opposite ranks of trees standing like pillars in the *cavedia* of the courts of famous buildings, and the porticoes of the *templa subdialia* of old; somewhat imitating the *peristylia* or cloister-buildings, and the *exedræ* of the ancients, wherein men discoursed, walked, and exercised; for that they derived the rule of columns from trees, especially in their proportional diminutions, is illustrated by Vitruvius from the shafts of fir and pine. And, though the inter-arboration do imitate the *areostylos*, or thin order, not strictly answering the proportion of inter-columniations: yet in many trees they will not exceed the intermission of the columns in the court of the Tabernacle; which being an hundred cubits long, and made up by twenty pillars, will afford no less than intervals of five cubits.

Beside, in this kind of aspect the sight being not diffused, but circumscribed between long parallels and the ἐπισκιασμὸς and adumbration from the branches, it frameth a penthouse over the eye, and maketh a quiet vision:—and therefore in diffused and open aspects, men hollow their hand above their eye, and make an artificial brow, whereby they direct the dispersed rays of sight, and by this shade preserve a moderate light in the chamber of the eye; keeping the pupilla plump and fair, and not contracted or shrunk, as in light and vagrant vision.

The great house of the world

And therefore Providence hath arched and paved the great house of the world, with colours of mediocrity, that is, blue and green, above and below the sight, moderately terminating the *acies* of the eye. For most plants, though green above ground, maintain their original white below it, according to the candour of their seminal pulp: and the rudimental leaves do first appear in that colour, observable in seeds sprouting in water upon their first foliation. Green seeming to be the first supervenient, or above ground complexion of vegetables, separable in many upon ligature or inhumation, as succory, endive,

The sweetest delight of gardens

artichokes, and which is also lost upon fading in the autumn.

V

. . . . . .

But the quincunx of heaven runs low, and 'tis time to close the five ports of knowledge. We are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep, which often continueth precogitations; making cables of cobwebs, and wildernesses of handsome groves. Beside Hippocrates hath spoke so little, and the oneirocritical masters have left such frigid interpretations from plants, that there is little encouragement to dream of Paradise itself. Nor will the sweetest delight of gardens afford much comfort in sleep; wherein the dullness of that sense shakes hands with delectable odours; and though in the bed of Cleopatra, can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a rose.

Night, which Pagan theology could make the daughter of Chaos, affords no advantage to the description of order; although no lower than that mass can we derive its genealogy. All things began in order, so shall they end, and so shall they begin again; according to the ordainer of

order and mystical mathematics of the city of heaven.

The drowsy approaches of sleep

Though Somnus in Homer be sent to rouse up Agamemnon, I find no such effects in these drowsy approaches of sleep. To keep our eyes open longer, were but to act our Antipodes. The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia. But who can be drowsy at that hour which freed us from everlasting sleep? or have slumbering thoughts at that time, when sleep itself must end, and as some conjecture all shall awake again.

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